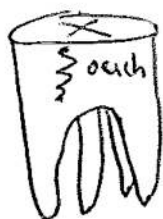


Your secret ary
X3





here are just a few of
the many and countless.
some i did not write
about at length include:
owner of several **FAKE TEETH**,
amateur taxidermist, crushmaster
extraordinaire, bad dancer,
nail biter, zine maker, kid
sister, daughter of a ^{father} artist,
daddy's little girl, bigmouth,
EXTROVERT, mix tape savant,
good kisser, swatch collector...
a lot more...

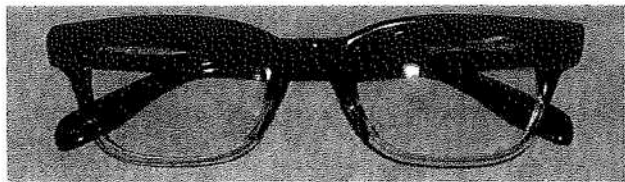
♥ and thanks to: **ALEX** and
anyone who's artwork i
appropriated for this zine.



here be
coney
dogs

mid-
west-
erner &
michi-
gan &
detroit-
er

who would i be if i had not
been raised under the albatross
of white flight in a post-
industrial greying city? i feel
defined by the glass-filled
urban prairie and hopeful
hopelessness of my hometown.
a cynic and a lover and a
fighter a rulebreaker, law-
less a builder and broken.



four eyes

once dan and i went sledding and these little kids called us four-eyed faggots! "when we approached them the smallest one shouted, "we weren't talking to you!" dan pretended to look around before saying, "well, i don't see any other four-eyed faggots you could be talking to."

i have always worn glasses, never contacts.



FEMME

more as a fashion than anything else, this is just how i feel comfortable. my friends register legit shock when i wear pants it happens so rarely, once when someone told me, "i am not into what you are," referring to my femme identity i procured a "butch" shirt, it was plaid and had puffy sleeves. HA!

DIABETIC

better not tell me what i can eat or i might bite you.



RINK
RAT

as a child i spent
every weekend and

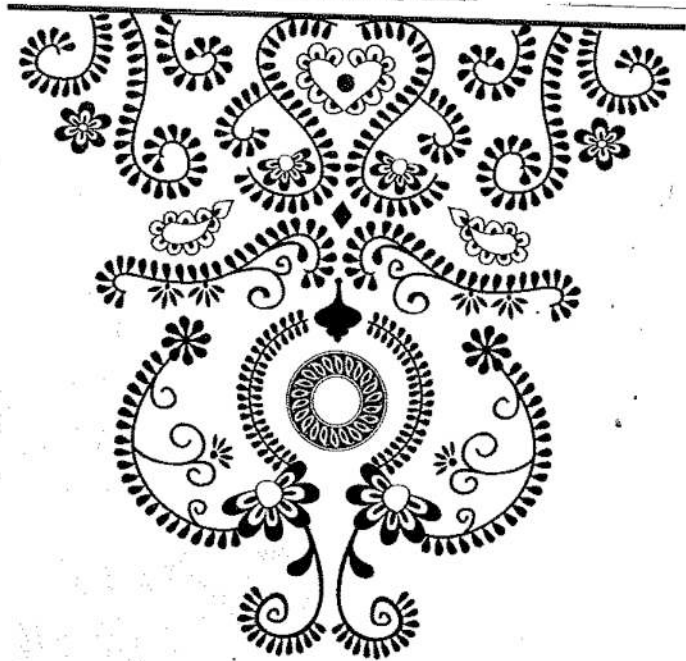
most weekdays at my local roller
rink, speed skating and scarfing
down cheese nachos.

bff

kirstin once said
to me "you have
so many best friends

i can't keep track. i could be
a professional best friend.

buaa



which means "father's sister"
in hindi and which is what my
nephews deven, kaelen, and janak
call me.



RELUCTANT ACADEMIC

SCREW the hier-
archy of the ivory
tower, but... uh...
yeah i'm in
grad school.

Just don't
say this
in a room
full of
librarians,
but i knew
early on
library
work was
not for
me.

INFORMATION SCIENTIST





though sometimes post-queer when the word seems academic or merely a fashion. queer because there are more than two genders and because who the hell knows who i will be attracted to or have a crush on ~~her~~ or fall for next. queer because i am not a lesbian, but probably (maybe) won't be in a "straight" relationship again. queer because it is political and because "normal" is boring boring boring.



this goes hand-in-hand with my
identity as COUPLE CURMUDG-
EON while i know some awesome
and lovely couples i also see people
surrender parts of themselves,
especially their autonomy to be
a part of a two some.

also, it is difficult for me
to care about another person
in that ♥♥♥ special ♥♥♥ way
it makes me anxious beyond
belief. so far, i have just
not been my best person
as part of a couple.

i am singular,
solo.



BOG

MAMA

it never goes over well
when i say i am not a
cat person. it isn't that i
dislike cats or people with cats,
i just am not, nor do i want
to be "with cat" my family had
dogs and i have carried on
this tradition. luckily, i have
the handsomest, sweetest dog.

ERASMUS!

((ok, i had cats once
and it was a bad scene
not to be repeated)))

secretly goth

it might not have been
such a secret in
middle school when

i dyed all
my hair
black or
wore a

CURE
shirt
every
day

i still ♥
horror and
joy division



so i'm
loud and
obnoxious

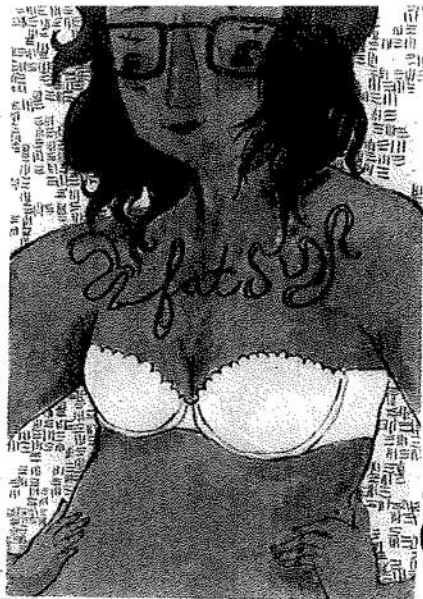
TROUBLE
MAKER!

and
sometimes
start
shit.

i
am
not
sorry.
(most
of the
time)

~~2~~





fatty
cakes

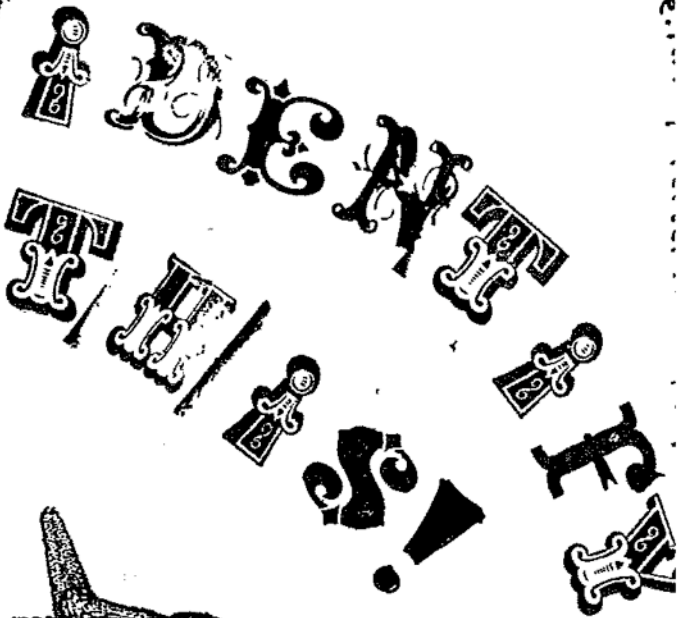
fatty
cakes

When i say i'm fat, don't say
"no you're not" it is so insulting
i am not looking for compliments
OR putting myself down. fat is
hot! and normal and natural
and okay, get it?



Dead Father. Chicago. This person. Heek. Cuddle
 Queer. Trans. Faggot. Butch. Food. Southern

Polite.



Classes. Country bumpkin overalls.

Hello

My name is Alex and I do not identify as a zinester. This is the first and probably only. I often find myself conversing about various identities and what they mean. Hence this zine dedicated to a select few of the many. Enjoy!

HEELS

I identify as someone who really likes when people wear heels, well.

I also like how they sound clicking across the floor.

HEAD OVER HEELS



"Where are
you from?
I am from
the south
and the

east and the midwest. I identify
as being from Chicago. I have done
a lot of growing here, more so
than anywhere else.

Seeing as I have
moved here three
times now, that
must say something
about the pull
of this big dirty
city.



In response to the right wing conservative ex gay testimonials, I have dedded to write my own. I used to be gay, but have been queer for quite some time now and I have never felt better. Queer to me is radical, and new, and ever

QUEER

changing. Queer for me is a multi layered identity ~~as~~ followed by endless possibilities. All of the others united. ~~which~~ I don't want to be like straight people, I don't want to get married. I value community over finding "the one." Queer means everything and nothing, it's what you make it.



POWELL

Thank you!
You are welcome!

When describing my manners I often claim to be somewhat of a southern gentleman. My dad would decide how he felt about a person based on their thank-you's or lack thereof.

B ABY

am the
youngest
child of

B oy

four and the
youngest of all my friends. I have
never dated anyone younger than
myself. Being an enthusiastic 18
years old when I moved to Chicago
made it impossible for me to not
be the baby queer. Times are
changing and there is a new in
flux of queers younger than I. But
I will always be baby boy.

F O O D

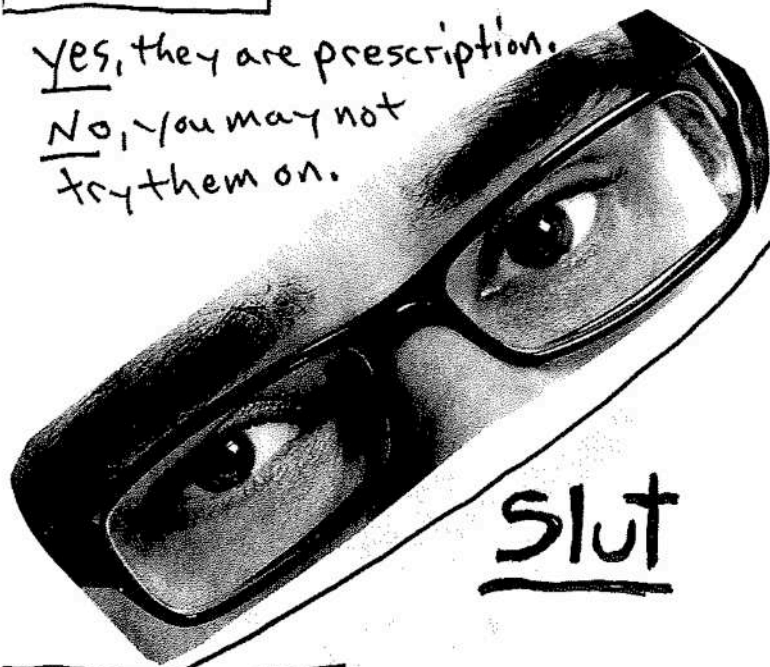


I really like food, a lot. I also
really like people who really
like food. I don't know how
to cook for less than six people.

Glasses

Yes, they are prescription.

No, you may not
try them on.



Slut

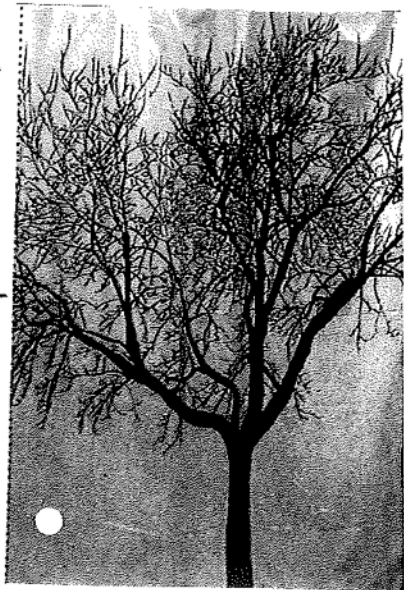


Sex
positive!

Country Bumpkin (in theory)

I escaped Chicago & Brooklyn by fleeing to the country. It was beautiful, quiet, and allowed me to get my life on track. I dug a garden & bought a subaru.

I wore my overalls often and drank by the fire. While I've realized I have more Kicks to get out in the city, I cannot wait until I've settled down enough to really enjoy country!



KINKY

Switch!

PERVE

When I was 19 I dated a
femme top, it felt like I had
arrived. At the Femme
conference in Seattle I
attended the queer as
fuck play party
and knew I had
found my
people.

TRY SOMETHING NEW IN BED!

I jokingly compare vanilla
lesbian sex to a kitten
licking milk. Sad but
true.



This
Person



The hardest identity to write about, yet one of the most important. When writing a craigslist ad for a roommate Jami referred to me as a trans man. To which I protested "No! Person! Say trans person!" My lack of solidarity with men combined with not feeling like a woman leaves me with an identity of personhood. Here's to all my people in between, smashing the binary, blah, blah, blah.

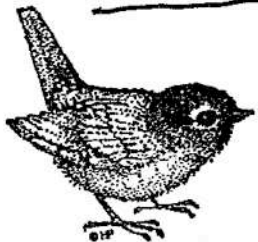
F A G G Y

B U T C H



You know, butch in that gay
femme sort of way.

Post Riot Grrrl

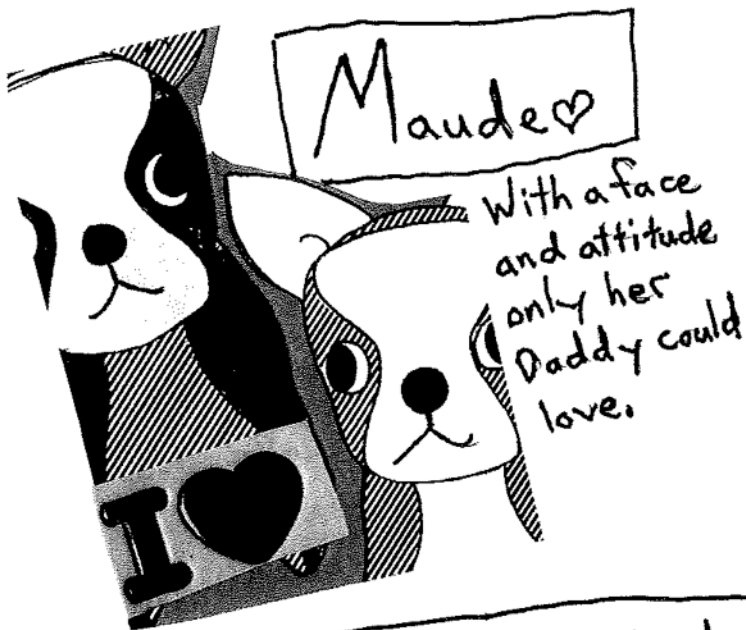


I used to think I was a riot grrrl. I have since realized I am too young to have ever actually been one. It is the thought that counts.

Working Class

I have been told I have a chip on my shoulder when it comes to class.

You are correct.



Southern I may not have lived there for long, but it is in my blood, manners, and eating habits.

Y'all

DEAD FATHERS

John Grady Fullerton

Entered This Life

May 7, 1952 - Birmingham, Alabama

Entered Eternal Life

December 29, 1999 - Flint, Michigan



al Oc

y, Mic

ome

Dead Fathers club | We tend to find each other. I find other people with a similar loss comforting. I wouldn't wish it on anyone, but it's hard to take advice from someone who hasn't.

One more for the road:

Anti-cuddle

I've been known to talk a big game about being cold, distant, anti-cuddle.

The truth is I am more like a Koala bear and the poor fool next to me is the tree.



Thank you Jami for convincing me this was a good idea, and for popping my zine cherry.